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or

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CARL WEBSTER PIERCE

*Author of "The Guest Retainer,"
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BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER COMPANY
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Mothers on Strike or Local Number One

CHARACTERS

MRS. STANTON } *striking members of "MOTHERS' LOCAL, No. 1."*
MRS. WARREN }
BOB STANTON, JR., *a freshman in high school.*
RUTH STANTON, *a senior in high school.*
ROBERT STANTON, SR., *a business man.*
JOHN WARREN, *another business man; friend to Robert.*

SCENE.—The Stanton living-room.

TIME.—Late in a November afternoon.



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MAY 15 1922
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no 1

Mothers on Strike

SCENE.—*Living-room in the Stanton home. Entrances c. and r. Through center entrance is seen hat-tree and table in hall. Window l., near which is an arm-chair, and beside chair a taboret, on which lies some partly worked embroidery. Fireplace l. c.; near it an antique footstool. Easy-chair and library table r. c. On table several magazines and some school-books in a strap.*

(Curtain discovers MRS. STANTON on her knees before table, with dust-pan and brush.)

MRS. STANTON. Oh, dear! Will there never be an end to it? It's one thing after another, just as fast as I can fly. (Gets up and starts to leave room; sees school-books on table, then goes to door c. and calls.) Bob! Bob, come here!

BOB (off stage). In a minute.

MRS. S. No. This minute.

(Enter BOB, c.)

BOB (carelessly). What d'ye want?

MRS. S. What did I tell you about leaving your school things scattered all over the house? Please take those books to your own room. What do you think your father bought your desk for?

BOB. All right. I was in a hurry and forgot.

MRS. S. And you must remember to use the door-mat. I spent a long time cleaning this room this morning, and you have tracked in great chunks of mud.

BOB. Oh, gee! I always forget that mat. I'm generally in a hurry when I come in.

MRS. S. Yes, I know. In a hurry to get out again. Please run down cellar and get some wood for the fireplace. A blaze will be cheerful this evening.

BOB. Oh, I'll get the wood after dinner. I have to go down to the garage for some of their "free air" now. My bike has a flat tire. I won't forget your wood.

[Exit, c.

MRS. S. (*with a discouraged sigh as she looks at the table*). Well, if he didn't forget the books! (*Glances at clock on mantel*.) Oh, I didn't know it was so late. It is time for them now. (*Goes to window and looks out*.) No one in sight yet. (*Paces back and forth*.) I wish that they would hurry so that it will be over with, and at the same time I hope they don't. I wonder how Ethel is looking forward to this evening's performance. I guess that I'll call her down. (*Takes embroidery scissors from taboret, nervously manicures a finger, throws them down again*.) I hope that her courage is holding up better than mine.

(Enter MRS. WARREN, c.; *she has a newspaper in her hand*.)

MRS. WARREN. Here I am for one last word before things commence to happen.

MRS. S. I was just on the verge of calling you.

MRS. W. I must hurry right back, for John will be home any time now, and we must have everything go off on schedule.

MRS. S. Oh, Ethel, how will it all turn out? I'm half afraid to do it.

MRS. W. It is going to be hard for us. I can't help wondering what effect it will have on John.

MRS. S. And I have spent a solid hour trying to figure out how my husband will take it.

MRS. W. We shall soon find out.

MRS. S. I only hope that we are doing the right thing. When I think it over I am not at all sure of myself.

MRS. W. (*taking MRS. STANTON by the shoulders*).

See here, Margaret, I feel the same way for a moment every once in a while ; but we must prod our courage when those moments of failure come. It will all be ended one way or the other—success or failure—within a few hours. Really, this uneasiness is uncalled for, dear. It is merely an undeserved jab by a conscience which has been so ground down by absolute servitude that it is afraid to do justice to itself now, because of the old ruts in which it has so long travelled. (*Laughs.*) There! That harangue has acted as an extra prop to my own confidence.

(*Crosses and looks out of window.*)

MRS. S. Of course, we must carry out our plans to their full extent—both of us. How awkward if one or the other were to relent ; what an embarrassing situation for the unrelenting one. (*Laughs nervously.*)

MRS. W. Concerted action is absolutely necessary. Unions always win their demands by hanging together.

MRS. S. (*dolefully*). When they do win them.

MRS. W. There you go. Careful!

MRS. S. Perhaps the steps we are taking are too drastic.

MRS. W. No, no. We are in the right. You know that when demands are reasonable and fair they are always granted, and goodness knows that we are asking nothing unreasonable.

MRS. S. It was your suggestion that started us, and I do hope it turns out as well as you predict.

MRS. W. Oh, I brought the paper down to show you where I got the idea. It was from this headline : (*Reads.*) "Country-wide Rail Strike Imminent." And from this item : (*Reads.*) "The Governor has ordered a survey of the foodstuffs now in the state, and in the event of the actual occurrence of a strike, the state may be put upon war-time rations." That gave me the germ of an idea for us to use in awakening our families to the fact that we are human beings and not housekeeping machines. It will only take a jolt or two to make them realize how careless and selfish they are.

MRS. S. I hope so. You should have heard Bob a

few minutes ago. Oh, if it will only work, how happy we all will be!

MRS. W. Don't you worry about it not working. When our husbands come home to-night and find that the kitchen has been taboo for us all day, things will change. Pugilists always aim to give their opponents a blow in the stomach, judging by what I gather from my better informed son; and I guess that is the portion of the anatomy which our dinner strike will hit.

MRS. S. I hope that one blow will be sufficient for a—a knock-out, do they call it?

MRS. W. Yes, I believe so. To mix the terms of two classes of affairs of which we know little, let us hope that our walk-out will be a knock-out.

(Crosses to window.)

MRS. S. My! Doesn't that sound ferocious and slangy?

MRS. W. And American. Oh, here come Ruth and Robert; they have just turned the corner.

MRS. S. I guess that the die is cast.

MRS. W. I must go up-stairs. We don't want it known yet that we are working together. Don't forget the details. (*Hurries Mrs. STANTON into chair near window.*) And speak up firmly. Here are your properties for the first act of the domestic drama. (*Gets magazine from table and places it in Mrs. STANTON's lap, and spreads embroidery conspicuously over taboret.*) There, the stage is all set; play your part well.

MRS. S. Good-bye, dear. I'll see you again soon.

MRS. W. Keep your nerve now. Remember that a like performance will soon be going on up-stairs. We will win out.

(Exit MRS. WARREN, c. MRS. STANTON nervously flutters leaves of magazine; wistfully glances out of window, then determinedly opens magazine and for a moment seems absorbed in it, then again closes it.)

MRS. S. Will it straighten things out or only make them worse? (*Rises and wanders aimlessly about room.*)

I—I guess that perhaps I had better not. But I can't go back on my agreement with Ethel. I'll see it through; it's now or never. (*Sits and again opens magazine.*) I can't stand it any longer. They must realize. I know that it is nothing intentional, but it makes life so hard and uninteresting and monotonous for us. (*Door closes in distance; she starts.*) I shall see it through and hope that the end will justify the means.

(MR. STANTON and RUTH appear in door, c. He stops to remove coat and hat; she peers into room.)

RUTH. Hello, Mumsey. I thought that you were in the kitchen. (*Runs and kisses her mother, then draws back in astonishment.*) For goodness' sake! Dad, come here. Will you look at this! Mother is actually reading my movie magazine. What do you know about that?

MR. STANTON (*crosses to MRS. STANTON; carries newspaper*). Embroidery, too. Why, Ma, you haven't touched any fancy-work for months. What's up?

MRS. S. (*greatly confused*). I—I— Well, I thought that I would to-day.

MR. S. (*sits r. c.*). I'm glad that you are getting interested in things. Haven't I been telling you for weeks that you make altogether too much of a job out of housework?

MRS. S. No, I don't, Robert. You don't realize what a hard day's work it is to run a house.

MR. S. Pshaw! Isn't half the trouble you think it is. If you women folk would only systematize your work as we men do ours at the office, you would find it nothing at all.

MRS. S. Who is the one who really does your work at the office? Of course you plan it all, but how about your stenographers and office boys and clerks?

MR. S. Oh, that's different.

MRS. S. What is the difference? You have help, don't you?

MR. S. Yes.

MRS. S. That is what I want you to see. A little help counts for a great deal.

MR. S. (*face buried in newspaper*). All right, Ma. I'm sorry that you have to do so much. (*Pause.*) Ho-hum, I'm tired after the day at the office.

RUTH. And I'm tired after a hard day in school. I wish that Virgil had been a plumber or a motorman or anything but a poet.

MR. S. What will it be like next year when you are in college?

RUTH. Worse still. I guess I'll get married and keep house. It's a so much easier life than studying one's head off.

MRS. S. Ruth, some day in the far distant future when you are married, I shall challenge you to make that statement again.

RUTH. Oh, I know that it's true; I shall still think the same. (*Removes coat and hat.*) I guess I'll take my things off, although I haven't hardly got time. I'm going around to Mildred's to-night. I was talking to her over the 'phone this afternoon, and what do you think! Walter has proposed. I'm just dying to see her diamond. She got it last night.

MR. S. Is Bob in yet?

MRS. S. I think I heard him come in just a minute ago.

MR. S. Ruth, tell him to bring my slippers and jacket, will you, please?

RUTH. All right.

[*Exit, c.*

MR. S. Those crazy kids. They are always too excited over some trivial affair to take time to eat. I'm not, though. I feel right now as if I could eat my weight in wildcats. (*MRS. STANTON jumps nervously; MR. STANTON unlaces his shoes.*) Had a good day at the office. Got old man Conway's signature on that contract I have been after. That means that perhaps we can buy a new tin Lizzie next Spring.

MRS. S. You have been after that contract quite a while.

MR. S. And so have many others. I feel pretty good over landing it. (*He turns his attention to the paper. MRS. STANTON is now working at her embroidery. MR. STANTON, after a moment, reads.*) "Country-wide Rail

Strike Imminent." Hm! Strikes seem to be the favorite pastime of the country. I wonder if they ever do any good.

MRS. S. (*emphatically*). So do I.

MR. S. I have my doubts.

MRS. S. (*with a sigh*). So have I.

MR. S. Don't sound so mournful over it, Margaret. The rail strike won't concern us.

MRS. S. No, not the rail strike.

MR. S. By George, it might, too. Listen to this: (*Reads.*) "The Governor has ordered a survey of the foodstuffs now in the state, and in the event of the actual occurrence of a strike, the state may be put upon wartime rations." (*Laughs.*) It seems to me that perhaps that would be an unfavorable point for the railroad men. You know the old rule states that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, and a corollary to that might be "and his good humor depends upon the satisfying thereof." It would be funny if they were to lose public sympathy, provided they had it, on that score, wouldn't it? It would be going too far to deprive people of food merely for a labor strike.

MRS. S. (*looking helplessly around*). What shall I —

(Enter BOB, c., *with slippers and jacket.*)

BOB. Here you are, Dad.

(MR. STANTON removes coat and shoes and puts on articles BOB has brought.)

MR. S. How would a blaze in the fireplace feel this evening? It is rather chilly.

MRS. S. I asked Bob to get the wood some time ago.

BOB. Oh, that wood! I'll get it after dinner.

(MR. STANTON settles comfortably in chair and resumes his reading. BOB, shoes and coat in hand, starts to exit c.)

MR. S. Bob, the footstool, please. (BOB gets it from beside fireplace. MR. STANTON places his feet on it with

a sigh of content, then glances down at stool.) Say, this old thing doesn't wabble any more. Did you fix it, Bob?

BOB. No. I haven't touched it.

MRS. S. I tinkered it up this morning. It was falling all to pieces. It is one of the family antiques, and we should take care of it.

MR. S. Ma, that's too bad. I intended to fix it some evening.

BOB (*patting his stomach*). I think that Mammoth Cave is entirely surrounded by me, I feel so hollow. Didn't take much time for lunch this noon, you know.

MRS. S. I know you didn't.

(She hastily drops the embroidery, opens magazine and becomes deeply interested in it.)

BOB. Won't have much time for dinner, either; just time to gulp a bite.

MR. S. What's the hurry?

BOB. Fred's uncle is going to take us for a nice long auto ride to-night, and we have to get started early.

MR. S. (*sarcastically*). Don't spoil an auto ride for a little thing like the good of your gastronomic department, will you? (*Exit BOB, c. MR. STANTON, from depths of newspaper.*) I'm rather hungry myself. Dinner 'most ready?

(MRS. STANTON catches her breath and waits, but he evidently forgets his question. After a few moments, during which MRS. STANTON bestows several furtive glances upon her husband, RUTH enters c.)

RUTH. What's the matter, Mother? The kitchen fire is out, and dinner isn't even started.

MRS. S. (*closes magazine and speaks very nervously*). Bob didn't have time to get me any coal when he came in from school; he had important football practise and started away in a hurry after swallowing a bite of lunch.

MR. S. What's that? Dinner not ready? Why, Margaret, I wanted to get away early to the lodge this evening.

RUTH (*impatiently*). And I told Mildred that I would be around by seven-thirty. It's six-thirty now.

MRS. S. (*with an attempt to be firm, but greatly agitated*). Call Bob. I have something I wish to say to all of you.

RUTH (*goes to door c., and calls*). Bob! Bob, Mother wants you.

MR. S. Margaret, what is it? You look as pale as a ghost. Do you feel ill?

MRS. S. No. I am all right.

RUTH. What is the matter, Mother? I have never seen you look like this.

MRS. S. Wait a moment until you are all here.

RUTH (*again goes to door and calls*). Bob, did you hear me? Come here at once.

BOB (*off stage*). Hold your horses. (*Enters c.*) I'm too tired to run. Been playing football ever since school. (*To MRS. STANTON.*) Ma, I'm so hungry I could eat raw meat. How is it that you are not in the kitchen getting dinner?

MRS. S. Well, folks, there will be no dinner to-night.

MR. S. What!

RUTH. What do you mean?

BOB. Aw, quit your foolin', Ma. Didn't I tell you that I am hungry as a wolf, and in a hurry, too?

MRS. S. (*firmly*). I tell you that there will be no dinner to-night so far as I am concerned. (*Takes a deep breath.*) I am on strike!

MR. S. } On strike!

RUTH } together. } Mother!

BOB } For the love of Mike!

MRS. S. (*defiantly*). Mothers' Local, Number One, held an indignation meeting this afternoon, and voted unanimously for a walkout. It is the opinion of all members that Bob is capable of carrying coal and of doing errands; that Ruth is not too tired when she gets home to leave the movie magazine until after dinner and help in the dining-room; and that Father can attend to odd jobs and spend an evening at home occasionally—or take his wife out for a good time.

MR. S. Margaret —

MRS. S. (*quietly and tremulously*). We know that none of you realize the existing conditions. It's just a sort of unconscious selfishness which is gradually becoming worse, and we want you to know that it hurts in other than a physical way. Life has been one long monotonous drudgery the last few months, just because of your carelessness, and now you must all be made to see it. Everyone is striking—everyone from grave-diggers to policemen. Most of them want more money and shorter hours, but we only want the position of home-keeper differentiated from the job of housekeeper. If you cannot in some way meet this demand, you must hire a housekeeper—a strike-breaker.

(*Exit Mrs. STANTON, R., bravely trying to keep back her tears. The family is speechless for a moment.*)

BOB. Well, what do you know about that? Just the night I was in a hurry to get out,—and starving, too.

RUTH (*on the verge of tears*). Bobby! How can you talk like that? Why didn't you get the coal this noon?

BOB. You needn't say anything. You got yours. Did you hear what she said about you and your movie magazines?

MR. S. Children, stop that everlasting squabbling and listen to me. (*Very thoughtfully*.) You are both to blame for what has happened, and I am sorry to have to confess that I am, too. We ought to be heartily ashamed that such a thing has occurred in our family.

RUTH (*soberly*). I never realized. I suppose that we have left lots of things for Mother to do that we should have looked out for.

BOB. Aw, I didn't intend to be mean this noon, but the fellers were waitin' for me.

MR. S. That's it. None of us has done—or, rather, not done, things intentionally, bat in the hurry and rush of life we have not taken time to see beyond the horizon of "Number One." (*Pause.*) What do you say if we

three make a little agreement to endeavor to see how the other fellow is getting on and not pamper "Number One"? I am sure that we shall not be sorry if we do so. If we do our level best to see that those about us are happy, we shall find that happiness comes to us, too.

BOB. I'll do my part. Gee, Dad, I wouldn't have had this happen for the world.

RUTH. And I'll do mine. We have all had a lesson that we deserve. Come on, Bob. We will start to do things right now. Let's go out in the kitchen and see what we can do about dinner. After this every evening when we get home our first concern will be to see what we can do to help Mother.

BOB. Ruth, the very next time you hear me say a mean thing to Ma, you pull my ears, even if a feller shouldn't let his sister treat 'im rough. [Exit RUTH and BOB, c.

MR. S. (*pacing back and forth*). Ye gods! I must have sounded fine telling that poor, overworked, little woman how hard I have been working to-day, and how little she has had to do.—And she has been doing it for me for nineteen long years! (MR. WARREN *appears in door*, c., *unobserved by MR. STANTON*.) Sometimes we men are just poor, blind fools.

MR. WARREN. You said it, Robert.

MR. S. (*turning with a start*.) Hello, you old sinner. How did you get in?

MR. W. Bob Junior let me in the back door. Say, old man, what did I hear you remark to yourself about the male of the species just as I came in?

MR. S. I was telling myself what an egotistical, selfish, self-satisfied brute I am; and, by George, I'll wager that you are just as bad as I or just a degree or two short of it.

MR. W. Heap it up. Add ten degrees more for me.

MR. S. (*bitterly*). You can't beat me.

MR. W. I can prove that I am far ahead of you.

MR. S. Impossible. (*Grimly*.) You don't know what makes me so sure.

MR. W. Look here, this is what I came down to tell you: I am not going to lodge this evening. I have some

work to do at home. And I tell you that you are a better specimen of a man than I because—because—

MR. S. Well?

MR. W. Here's the truth of it. Because I have been so inconsiderate of my wife that she has been forced to go on strike to defend her rights. I guess that you can't beat that in your character shredding contest. Robert, you don't know how dirt cheap I feel.

MR. S. (*gazes intently at him; speaks quietly*). Your wife—on strike?

MR. W. That's what I said.

MR. S. (*extending hand*). Good. Shake on it, John.

MR. W. I'm not kidding you, and I didn't come down here to joke about it.

MR. S. I should hope not. Shake, for we are both one hundred per cent. jackasses.

MR. W. I don't understand you.

MR. S. You say that your wife is on strike?

MR. W. Yes, on strike. Are you deaf? S-T-R-I-K-E, strike! No dinner to-night. She says that I was too busy reading the paper over my coffee this morning to offer any suggestions for to-night's dinner; and that that son of mine tore off to a football game with that angelic child of yours without getting her any coal, and that—

MR. S. Say, did she happen to mention a union,—Mothers' Local, Number One?

MR. W. What do you know about it?

MR. S. Why, man, my wife is an active member of it; and my kids are junior members of the Loafers' League, along with yours.

MR. W. Huh! If the kids are junior members, do you realize who are the seniors?

MR. S. I do. That is what I was talking to myself about when you came in.

MR. W. Then from the tenor of what I overheard of your conversation with yourself, I take it that you think as I do—that our wives have just cause for complaint.

MR. S. I do. When I turned on my thinking apparatus it all came over me in a flash how mean I have been. And I'll bet you have, and many another falsely called

"head of the house" who has been handing expense money over to his wife every week, and then complacently telling himself what a model husband he is. I tell you, John, I have had a jolt that I won't forget for one while.

MR. W. So have I. So have I. But we deserved it; richly deserved it. Isn't it funny how a man will get in a rut? If anyone had told us that there were men who treated their wives as ours have been treated, we would have been ready to go gunning for them.

MR. S. John, you and I used to be mighty particular when we were all running around together, when we were first married, and before—that those two women had no cares or worries that we could prevent, didn't we?

MR. W. Certainly, we did.

MR. S. What do you say if we start a second courtship, and be careful not to take things for granted, and not to slip back into the old ruts?

MR. W. Fine. That sounds good to me.

MR. S. What do you say if we —

(He talks to MR. WARREN very earnestly for several seconds, so low that the audience cannot distinguish the words, and MR. WARREN very enthusiastically seems to agree with him.)

MR. W. *(slapping him on the back)*. That's a great idea, old man. We will both —

(Again the audience is unable to get the words for a few seconds.)

MR. S. Yes. Just like we used to.

MR. W. *(looks at watch)*. We shall have to hurry. Well, old boy, I guess that we will know enough to behave ourselves in the future, won't we?

MR. S. You can bet that I am going to mind my *p's* and *q's* when I get out of this scrape.

MR. W. We'll swap notes on the way down town in the morning. So long.

MR. S. Good luck. *(They shake hands sincerely. Exit MR. WARREN, C. MR. STANTON starts to go off R.,*

hesitates a moment, then starts for door c.) Guess I'll go tell the kids. [Exit, c.

(After a pause MRS. STANTON enters R., and paces distractedly around.)

MRS. S. Oh, what have I done now? Why didn't I let things go along as they were? Perhaps it would have been better than to have caused them to feel unhappy. It will only make it harder for all of us. Perhaps I have imagined things worse than they really are. (Sound of coal being shovelled is heard faintly. She listens a moment, then throws her shoulders back defiantly.) Bob has gotten around to the coal, has he! (Glances at ceiling.) I'll keep my word, Ethel. I won't use it tonight. (Pauses to think.) When I think it over, I don't know but I did exactly the right thing. Maybe it will make them more considerate. (As she continues to pace back and forth her doubt returns.) Probably we expected too much of them. If this should cause any hard feeling in the family I — (Several hammer blows are heard in the distance; they continue at intervals for the next few seconds. She stands still and listens.) Sounds as if something were being fixed. Hm! Perhaps we have followed the best course after all. (Sits in chair near window.) I have never had much faith in the efficacy of strikes; I wonder how this one will work out.

(Enter MR. STANTON, c.)

MR. S. Margaret, dear, I have come to have a little talk with you. I am truly ashamed that it has been necessary for you to teach us this lesson; but we all deserved it, and it has struck home.

MRS. S. (breaking down at the last moment). Why did I do it? I had no right to upset everyone's plans. I'm so sorry. (Rises.) I will go and get you a bite so that you can go to your meeting.

MR. S. (gently pushing her back into chair). Well, if that isn't just like a woman! Here you have won your point, given us all a lesson that we sorely needed, and now you want to spoil it all.

MRS. S. (*between sobs*). It was a mean thing for me to do.

MR. S. It was the best thing that you could have done. John thinks so, too. We have talked it over together. Too bad you women folk didn't think of it sooner. Margaret, will you forgive us? Will you give us another chance? We are going to do our level best to meet the demands of Mothers' Local, and I am authorized to say that we would all like to be affiliated with the union. We shall try to show from now on that we belong in it. Ruth has dinner under way; Bob has already fixed the catch on the refrigerator; and to-morrow night I am going to put on my overalls and tackle the odd jobs which have been piling up around the house.

MRS. S. I am so glad. Will you try to forget the disagreeable scene which took place to-night?

MR. S. No, ma'am! We will keep it in mind as a well deserved lesson, and one which has been of priceless value to us. (*Softly.*) Margaret, remember the good old courting days when I used to call on you at least twice a week, and we used to run out somewhere for a good time every once in a while?

MRS. S. I shall never forget them. You see, Robert, every woman treasures them in her memory and lives them over again, when they have long been dead in a man's life.

MR. S. (*sits on taboret and takes his wife's hand*). Never mind the memories. Sweetheart, after dinner, while Ruth and Bob are doing the dishes, let's run around the corner to the movies.

MRS. S. Mothers' Local, Number One, will unanimously vote to accept the terms offered.

(*She leans over and kisses MR. STANTON.*)

CURTAIN

CAMP FIDELITY GIRLS

A Comedy in Four Acts

By Edith Lowell

Dramatized by permission from the well-known story by
Annie Hamilton Donnell

One male, eleven females. Scenery, two interiors. Plays two hours. A jolly party of girls occupy an old farmhouse for the summer and there discover a secret that makes for the happiness and prosperity of a poor little cripple. A very "human" piece full of brightness and cheer and with a great variety of good parts.

Price, 35 cents

CHARACTERS

BARBARA WETHERELL	{	students at Hatton Hall School.
JUDY WETHERELL, her sister		
JESSICA THAYER		
MARY SHEPHERD, otherwise Plain Mary		
EDNA HULL		
MRS. TUCKER, a next-door neighbor.		
JOHNNIE TUCKER, known as Johnnie-Son.		
BARNABY CAMPBELL, a big child.		
JENNIE BRETT, a country girl.		
COUSIN SALOME.		
AUNT ELIZABETH.		
UNCLE JEFF.		

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I. Room at Hatton Hall School.

Act II. Scene I. Camp Fidelity. Afternoon. Scene II. The next morning.

ACT III. Scene I. Same. Two weeks later. Scene II. Midnight.

ACT IV. Scene I. Same. Six weeks later. Scene II. A half hour later.

MARRYING MONEY

A Play in One Act

By Alice L. Tildesley

Four females. Scene, an interior. Plays half an hour. The girls seek a job with the millionaire's mother and one of them gets one for life with the millionaire. One eccentric character and three straight.

Price, 25 cents

THE OVER-ALLS CLUB

A Farce in One Act

By Helen Sherman Griffith

Ten females. Scene, an interior. Plays half an hour. The "Over-Alls Club" meets for the first time in its denim costume with enthusiasm for economy that only lasts until young Dr. Ellery is announced. Finishes in pretty gowns.

Price, 25 cents

LUCINDA SPEAKS

A Comedy in Two Acts

By Gladys Ruth Bridgham

Eight women. Scene, an interior; costumes, modern. Plays an hour and a quarter. Isabel Jewett has dropped her homely middle name, Lucinda, and with it many sterling traits of character, and is not a very good mother to the daughter of her husband over in France. But circumstances bring "Lucinda" to life again with wonderful results. A pretty and dramatic contrast that is very effective. Well recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

ISABEL JEWETT, *aged 27.*

MIRIAM, *her daughter, aged 7.*

MRS. MCBIERNEY, *aged 50.*

TESSIE FLANDERS, *aged 18.*

MRS. DOUGLAS JEWETT, *aged 45.*

HELEN, *her daughter, aged 20.*

MRS. FOGG, *aged 35.*

FLORENCE LINDSEY, *aged 25.*

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Dining-room in Isabel Jewett's tenement, Roxbury, October, 1918.

ACT II.—The same—three months later.

WRONG NUMBERS

A Triologue Without a Moral

By Essex Dane

Three women. Scene, an interior; unimportant. Costumes, modern. Plays twenty minutes. Royalty, \$5.00. An intensely dramatic episode between two shop-lifters in a department store, in which "diamond cuts diamond" in a vividly exciting and absorbingly interesting battle of wits. A great success in the author's hands in War Camp work, and recommended in the strongest terms. A really powerful little play.

Price, 25 cents

FLEURETTE & CO.

A Duologue in One Act

By Essex Dane

Two women. Scene, an interior; costumes, modern. Plays twenty minutes. Royalty, \$5.00. Mrs. Paynter, a society lady who does not pay her bills, by a mischance puts it into the power of a struggling dress-maker, professionally known as "Fleurette & Co.," to teach her a valuable lesson and, incidentally, to collect her bill. A strikingly ingenious and entertaining little piece of strong dramatic interest, strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

SEASON 1922

A BUNCH OF FUN

A Farce in Three Acts.

By Erastus Osgood

Five males, nine females. A simple interior scene throughout. Modern costumes. The plot of this farce crackles with fun as though charged with laughter and smiles. Vera, the baseball girl, makes a "hit" in more ways than one. Sylvia, the dancing girl, steps right into the hilarity with a whirl. Nina, the stage aspirant, gives a new twist to Shakespeare, and Cecily, the Mandolin girl, would lure a smile from a Sphinx. These four girls are the "Bunch." Tacks, the football star, tackles love from a new angle. Ray was a born Romeo, but misfires. Lynn plays the clown to every one's delight, and if Murray hadn't written the sketch, lots of things would not have happened. Mrs. Selma Blair tries to break up the fun, but "nothing doing." Miss Martha is a delightful character. Alice entertains the "bunch" and is well repaid. Dr. and Mrs. Grandon form a charming background for an evening of wholesome amusement. And last, the arch fun-maker, Christina, the Swedish maid. If she knew how funny she was, she wouldn't believe it. She is "stuck on the movies" but Ray declared, "that for pulling funny stunts, Christina has got Charlie Chaplin beaten forty different ways." Free for amateur performance.

Price, 35 cents

CHARACTERS

REV. STEPHEN GRANDON, D. D., *rector of St. Paul's.*

MARY, *his wife, "flustered on occasions."*

MARTHA, *his sister, "a trifle warped."*

CHRISTINA, *a Swedish maid, "stuck on the movies."*

RAYMOND HUNTING, *a live wire.*

VERA MATHERSON, *a baseball fan.*

NINA LEE, *a stage aspirant.*

CECILY MOORLAND, *the mandolin girl.*

SYLVIA STEWART, *the dancing girl.*

LYNN LOCKWOOD, *the man "who takes off his face."*

ALICE HUNTING, *the entertaining girl.*

MURRAY KENT, *a college playwright.*

TACKS MULFORD, *a football star.*

MRS. SELMA BLAIR, *a pest in the parish.*

SCENE

Heatherdale near New York. (The entire action takes place in the living-room at the rectory.)

TIME: Present.

Acr I.—"The Bunch" arrives.

Acr II.—"The Bunch" in action.

Acr III.—"The Bunch" choose partners.

SUNSHINE

A Comedy in Three Acts.

By Walter Ben Hare

Four males, seven females. Scene, one simple exterior, easily arranged with a small lot of potted plants and rustic furniture. This charming play was really written to order, to satisfy an ever growing demand for a comedy that could be used either as a straight play or as a musical comedy. The author has arranged a happy and realistic blend of the two types of entertainment, and the catchy tunes which he has suggested should find favor in the amateur field. The story leads the audience a merry chase from snappy farce to real drama (with just a flavoring of the melodramatic) which modern audiences find so pleasing. Here we find a great character part in a popular baseball hero, who succeeds in making a home run in more ways than one, a wonderful leading lady rôle in the part of Mary; a hypochondriac, who finds his medicine most pleasant to the taste; an old maid who mourns the loss of her parrot, and a Sis Hopkins type of girl with the exuberance of spirit that keeps the audience on its mettle. The Major is a character of great possibilities and in the hands of a capable actor much can be made of it. Sunshine is the sort of play that will live for years, as its very atmosphere is permeated with good will toward the world at large. We cannot too highly recommend this play, written by an author with scores of successes behind him and not a single failure. Royalty \$10.00 for the first performance and \$5.00 for each subsequent performance given by the same cast.

Price, 50 cents.

CHARACTERS

MAUDELIA McCANN, *aged ten.*

MRS. BUNCH McCANN, *of Detroit, the mother.*

MRS. SOI WHIPPLE, *of Whipple's Corners, Conn., the country lady.*

MISS TESSIE MITFORD, *the mental case.*

MR. JUBA K. BUTTERNIP, *of Peoria, Ill., the old man.*

MISS GREGORY, *the nurse.*

BUDDY BRADY, *of New York, the ball player.*

MAJOR KELLICOTT, *the speculator.*

JIM ANTHONY, *he's engaged.*

SYLVIA DEANE, *she's engaged.*

MARY, "Sunshine."

BOYS AND GIRLS.

SCENE: The lawn at Sunshine Sanitarium, near New York City.

Act I.—Morning.

Act II.—Afternoon.

Act III.—Night.

Time of playing: Two hours.

STEP OUT—JACK!

An Optimistic Comedy in Three Acts.

By Harry Osborne

A successful vehicle for talented amateurs. Twelve males (can be played with less), five females. Costumes modern. Scenery, three simple interiors. Jack Rysdale is "down and out." All he has in the world are the clothes on his back and the love in his heart for the wealthy and beautiful Zoe Galloway. He dare not ask her to marry him until he has made his way in the world. Zoe loves him, and while the girls in New York do nearly everything else, they do not propose—yet. Jack's fighting spirit is about gone when he meets a man named Wilder, who is a natural fighter and knows how to bring out the fighting qualities in others. From him Jack learns that he has a dangerous rival in Percy Lyons. He learns that if he is going to get anywhere in this world, he can't stand in line and await his turn but must step out and "go get it." He learns more from Wilder in ten minutes than he absorbed in a whole year in college. So, figuratively speaking, he steps out, takes the middle of the road and "gives 'er gas." Once started, nothing can stop him until he has attained his object. Every girl will fall in love with Jack and every man and boy will admire his pluck and courage. Zoe is a matrimonial prize on fourteen different counts, and her chum, Cynthia, a close second. Wilder is a regular man's man who can convince any one who doesn't wear ear muffs that black is white and vice-versa. Then there is Percy Lyons, who never stayed out very late, Clarence Galloway, a rich man's son looking for a job, Buddie the office boy, who is broken-hearted if he misses a ball game, and Bernice Williams, who thinks she is a regular little Home Wrecker but isn't. An artistic and box office success for clever amateurs.

Act I.—Private Office of R. W. Wilder.

Act II.—Library—John Galloway's Home.

Act III.—Rysdale's office.

TIME: The present.

PLACE: New York City.

Time of playing: Approximately two hours.

Price, 50 cents.....Royalty, \$10.00

THE SHOW ACTRESS

A Comedy in One Act.

By J. C. McMullen

Two males, four females. Costumes, country of the present day. Playing time about forty minutes. Scene, dining-room of the Martin Homestead, Hillville, Vt. A burlesque troupe is stranded in the little village of Hillville. Goldie, the star, is taken in by the Martins. Her adventures with the cow at milking time, and with the domestic cook-stove are a scream. She eventually restores the Martins' lost daughter, captures the thief robbing the village bank and marries Zek'l, the bashful village constable. Full of action. All parts good, Goldie the lead, and Zek'l, the bashful lover, being particularly effective.

Price, 25 cents.

GOOD-EVENING, CLARICE

A Farce Comedy in Three Acts.

By J. C. McMullen

Five males, six females. Playing time, approximately two hours. Costumes of the present day. Scene—a single interior. Annette Franklin, a jealous wife, has been raising a little domestic war over her husband's supposed infatuation for a noted dancer, Clarice de Mauree. How Annette was proven wrong in her supposition, cured of her jealousy, and found her long lost parents, makes a comedy, which, while easy of production, proves very effective in the presentation. The part of Clarice, the dancer, gives the opportunity for an excellent female character lead. All of the other parts are of equal importance and the situations fairly radiate comedy and swift moving action. This new play has already made its public débüt in manuscript form, having been used with great success on the Pacific coast. Royalty, \$10.00 for the first and \$5.00 for each subsequent performance by the same cast. Professional rates will be quoted on request.

SCENES

Act I.—Living-room of the Franklin residence, Buffalo, N. Y.,
7:15 P. M.

Act II.—The same, 8:15 P. M.

Act III.—The same, 9:00 P. M.

Price, 50 cents.

HIS UNCLE'S NIECE

A Rollicking Farce in Three Acts. *By Raymond W. Sargent*

Six males, three females. Scenery not difficult. The plot of this hilarious farce centres around a letter received by Francis Felton from his Uncle Simon of Happy Valley Junction, who has always supposed that Francis was of the opposite sex. The letter announces that the uncle has selected a husband for his niece and that they are both on the way to New York to make final arrangements for the wedding. In desperation, to keep up a deception started years before by his parents, Francis assumes a female character rôle in order to carry out a provision whereby he is to receive a million dollar bequest from his uncle. The explanations made necessary through this change are amusing and realistic. The dénouement is a surprise and one that will lift the audience to its feet with applause. You have seen Charley's Aunt on the professional stage, and here is a chance for amateurs to act in a play that is even better suited to their requirements.

CHARACTERS

SCENES

Act I.—Interior of Francis Felton's and Richard Tate's bachelor establishment at Boston.

Act II.—Same as Act I. Afternoon of the same day.

Act III.—Exterior of Uncle Simon's summer home at Happy Valley Junction. Evening; three days later.

TIME: Midsummer.

Time of playing: Approximately two hours.

Price, 35 cents.

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